Guardians

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Guardians

by Lyla_Joy

Summary

In a world where everyone has a shoulder Angel and Demon, Abigail Hobbs just happened to be paired with the most annoying and unusual ones.

Notes

All mistakes are mine.

See the end of the work for more notes

Abigail yawned as she moved through the line in the university cafeteria. Sophomore year had just begun, and she was already losing sleep due to her busy schedule. She is grateful to be here at John Hopkins, but she could do without the sleep loss. She is just glad no one has recognized her yet.

Abigail grabbed her tray, moved to the far corner of the cafeteria, and placed it on the table. She sat alone and away from everyone else. Not because she was a loner, but it was easier to concentrate away from the bustling noise. She felt a weight on her left shoulder as she sat down, causing her to sigh.

"I will never know why you choose to eat here," complained a European voice in her ear. "I have given you some reasonable recipes we could be practicing in your dorm."

Abigail sighed again as she cut the school waffle after drowning it in syrup. "They are lovely recipes, but I can't afford them."

The voice huffed. "I have told you a way you can acquire the money."

There was a sudden dip on her right shoulder, and a Southern voice piped up. "She can't just steal from the Photography club funds. That's rude, and I know you hate rudeness."

"That I do, but if it is necessary, I'll allow it."

Abigail groaned and shook her shoulders. "I told you two never speak directly in my ear. It's weird." She popped a piece of waffle in her mouth as the weight disappeared from her shoulders before two tiny figures only she could see manifested next to her tray. On the left was a small man in a charcoal three-piece suit. He ruffled his black winks and then smoothed his hair away from his horns. Another tiny man in black jeans and a white flannel shirt was on her right. His wings were pure white, and his halo glowed, shining his curls.

"Thanks," she said with a smile before putting a piece of bacon in her mouth.

The man on the left scrunched up his nose. "Really, Abigail, I thought I taught you better manners than that."

The man on the right looked at him. "You taught her when she was five."

"You're never too young to learn proper manners," responded the Demon. "Maybe I should teach you some."

"Stay the fuck away from me, Hannibal," hissed the Angel.

Hannibal had a smirk on his lips as he purred, "What a naughty angel you are, Will using profanity."

"Enough, you two," said Abigail, shaking her head. "It's too early for your bickering."

Will huffed as he took a seat on the edge of her tray. He looked up at her with crystal blue eyes and asked, "Did you get enough sleep last night?"

Abigail scrubbed her hand down her face shaking her head. Pushing a piece of hair behind her ear, she said, "No. I was busy doing that essay that was due this afternoon, remember."

Hannibal took a seat on the tray, folded his wings behind his back, and crossed his legs. "From Professor Sutcliffe, correct?"

Abigail nodded as she opened her orange juice carton. "Yeah him. He assigned the assignment Monday and expected to have fifteen pages down by Wednesday..today. It's ridiculous. It's like he forgets we have other classes as well."

Hannibal hummed and nodded. "You know how I feel on the matter."

Will rolled his eyes. "She can't just go around killing people who annoy her, Hannibal."

"It would make the world a much better place," responded Hannibal.

Will raised an eyebrow. "Isn't your job the opposite of that?"

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. "That's not quite as fun as killing your enemies, no?"

"He isn't her enemy."

"He's a nuisance."

"He's a *teacher.*"

"And they are a nuisance. What are you not understanding, Will?"

Abigail sighed and leaned back against her chair, watching the two entities bicker. Everyone is born with an angel and a demon. It was God's gift to Humans and the Devil's punishment to Humans. The other wasn't aware that they had sent followers up to earth to persuade humans on each side, but they agreed when they did. Well more so a bet if you ask Abigail. It was to see which side won out, Heaven or Hell, by balancing the two for every person.

No one can see anyone else's Angel and Demon but their own, but they do swap stories. Abigail has listened to stories from classmates explaining how their Angel made them do this or their Demon made them do that. It was simple, really. All of their Guardians seemed normal. While Abigail's were anything but. She swears she got stuck with the two most annoying Angel and Demon to ever grace the world.

She can feel the tension between them, and it is *exhausting.*

Abigail stood up and said down at the two men on her tray, "While this has been fun, I have a class to get to. Please don't disrupt me this time. It's hard to explain to my teacher that my Demon is bothering my Angel with conspiracy theories."

Hannibal looked appalled. "They were not conspiracy theories. They were relevant facts."

Abigail gave him a blank look. "No, they weren't."

Hannibal huffed before disappearing in a cloud of black smoke. Will glared at the mist before giving Abigail a smile. "Good luck in your class," he gave her a wave before disappearing in bright light.

Abigail sighed as she picked her tray up and went to throw her trash away. From the way the day began, she knows it's only going to get worse.

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And she was right.

Abigail slammed the door to her dormitory shut and climbed on the bed before proceeding to scream into her pillow.

Hannibal and Will appeared next to the bed and looked at the screaming girl in their average size. Hannibal placed his hands in his dress pants and said, "I still say we kill Professor Sutcliffe."

Will crossed his arms over his chest with a slight frown. "I'm starting to agree with you. He didn't need to ridicule her in front of the entire class." His eyes lit an intense blue as he remembered watching the teacher talk wrong about his human. It was unnecessary.

"Is my little angel angry?" cooed Hannibal, his eyes crinkling in the corner.

"Firstly," started Will, "I am not your little Angel. There is nothing little about me."

"You're so tiny. I love it."

"Secondly," said Will a bit louder, ignoring the Demon. "I am angry. Just look at her. She's distraught." Will moved to sit on the bed and ran his fingers through Abigail's hair. "Come on, Abby. Talk to us. That's why we're here."

Abigail sniffed and turned her face from the pillow but kept her cheek squished against it. "There is no need to tell you. I know you saw what happened. What I can't understand is why. He didn't do it to anyone else, even though I know half of the class didn't even finish it or start. Then he had the audacity to call me out. I don't even need to be in his fucking class, but I wanted the extra credits. He just makes me so angry sometimes."

Hannibal crouched down in front of her and used his handkerchief to wipe her tear-stained cheek. "How angry does he make you?" He ignored the pointed glare Will sent him.

"He makes me…." Abigail paused, "He makes me want to crack his jaw open, force a smile on him since he seems incapable of it."

Will's eyebrow furrowed while Hannibal grinned, his fangs peeking out between his lips. "You might want to do that," started Will, "But you know you shouldn't."

"And why shouldn't she?" questioned Hannibal looking at him. "We are aware of the type of man he is. The life he leads. His Demon is rather chatty, and his Angel doesn't seem strong enough to fight against him. If he continues to live, he'll keep tormenting kids."

Will bit his lip. "But it's wrong to just kill someone."

"But she has a reason," said Hannibal. "God kills people all the time, my dear Will, and you are aware of this. This will be an act for him."

Will frowned. "I guess so."

Hannibal grinned and patted Will on the thigh. "Good boy," he purred. Turning to Abigail, his eyes began glowing red. "Now, let's get rid of him, hm?"

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"I don't understand why we can't burn it."

"You just don't burn a body, Will. What Abigail has made is art, and we should show the world."

"We just helped her commit murder, Hannibal."

"It wasn't murder. It was a mini Armageddon."

"Are you trying to justify murder?"

"Is it working?"

"No!"

Abigail sighed as she rinsed the blood off her hands. When will this nightmare be over?

End Notes

Thank you for reading and hoped everyone enjoyed it!

Kudos and comments are appreciated <3

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